

P O E M S.

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M R. G R A Y.

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A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. MURRAY, (No. 31.) FLEET-
STREET.

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Y. A. M. R. M.



A NEW EDITION

LONDON

PRINTED FOR J. HARRISON, 10, DARTMOUTH STREET, LONDON.

W. H. B. 1852

ADVERTISEMENT

SOON after the publication of a former edition of Mr. Gray's poems, the Rev. Mr. Mason, author of *Elfrida*, gave notice to the publisher by a particular messenger, that he had trespassed upon his property, by inserting fifty lines * in his volume which belonged to him, and threatened to seek legal redress in case satisfaction was not made for this offence.

To this strange charge, the publisher could hardly give credit. The practice of taking moderate extracts from publications of all kinds is common to every bookseller, and every author, over the kingdom; and no person takes greater liberties in this way than Mr. Doddsley, the bookseller employed by Mr. Mason.—Nay, Mr. Mason himself had behaved in the manner complained of, and adapted without scruple to

* Mr. Mason claimed, besides, *Ode for Music, irregular*; which, however, he failed to establish.

his quarto edition of Mr. Gray's poems, a large extract which he took from another work. It was true also, that the *fifty lines* had been printed indiscriminately by others, who pretended to no exclusive property in them, that they were not written by Mr. Mason, nor bequeathed to him particularly by the author.

From every circumstance attending this matter, the ridicule of the claim became stronger. But suspecting that a gentleman of Mr. Mason's sound sense and good character must have juster grounds to proceed upon than what appeared upon the face of his message, the publisher requested to be favoured with his address, in order to have a personal conference with him upon the subject; and at the same time assured his agent, that he meant not designedly to invade or to injure Mr. Mason's property: Whether his messenger began to view the object of his mission in too ludicrous a view, is unknown, but it is certain he refused to comply with this civil requisition.

The publisher, however, desirous to come to an explanation concerning this matter, procured Mr. Mason's address through another channel, and waited upon him.

At

At this conference he proved, first, That it was the immemorial practice of booksellers to take extracts from new publications, and that none amongst them turned this practice to more account than Mr. Mason's bookseller *; and, secondly, that even supposing the act complained of to be an offence, it was hard to single out the present publisher to render legal compensation, who was not the first aggressor, as the book had been printed by others who pretended to no exclusive right in it, long before his edition became extant; nor had he ever previously heard of Mr. Mason's pre-

* Mr. Becket in the year 1769 published, at the price of One or Two Shillings, a well-written and popular poem, consisting of about 300 verses, intitled "An Ode, upon dedicating a Building and erecting a Statue, to Shakespeare: by Mr. Garrick." Mr. Doddsley without scruple applied this performance to his own use, by inserting it *intire* in the Annual Register. Has Mr. Doddsley made any compensation for this deliberate act of piracy to the proprietor? Or has Mr. Becket sought redress for the injury by a Chancery suit? Again, has Mr. Doddsley offered any compensation to Mr. Murray for the different piracies he has committed upon his books? Or do Mr. Mason and his bookseller assume an exclusive right to appropriate to their respective uses what portion they please of every new literary performance that comes abroad, while they prosecute another person with the utmost severity of the law for taking the same liberty? Mr. Doddsley takes deliberately every year 1000 verses for the use of his Annual Register with impunity; but the printing of 50 verses inadvertently by the present publisher is converted into an heinous trespass, and becomes the ground of a rigorous legal investigation.

tensions.

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tensions. But in order to shew how little reason the author of *Elfrida* had particularly to censure him, without entering at all into the practice of the trade on one hand, or the claim of property on the other, he desired Mr. Mason to specify what sum he chose to receive as compensation for the offence complained of.

The publisher never admitted Mr. Mason's legal right of property in these verses:—but a great deal could not be exacted for *fifty lines*; and he wished no gentleman of respectable character to impute a deliberate injury to him, which he was certainly very far from intending.

Mr. Mason remained silent to his overture; and after repeating it to him as distinctly as he could, the publisher took his leave, imagining he wanted time to consider of it.

Such is the faithful account of this little transaction; nor will Mr. Mason deny its authenticity or exactness. The publisher was a stranger to Mr. Gray's executor, except by reputation. He is unconscious of having failed in the respect due to him; and the value of Mr. Mason's character would not have suffered diminution, had he been equally disposed

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posed to treat the publisher with civility and attention.

It was hardly possible after this equitable procedure, to expect to be troubled with an oppressive prosecution; from any man such conduct would have been esteemed ungenerous; from a clergyman, whose duty it is to sow peace and good-will amongst men, it wears not a more favourable aspect.

Mr. Mason, nevertheless, without further notice, filed a bill in Chancery against the publisher; and retained Mr. Thurlow, Mr. Wedderburn, and Mr. Dunning for his Counsel.

Fifty lines surely cannot be an object for a man to throw a hundred pounds, or more money, after; it leads an impartial person to suspect, that Mr. Mason has a further object in view; and that, although

Mr. Mason sends an agent professedly to require satisfaction or compensation for an infringement of property. Without entering into the merits of this claim, he is desired to prescribe his own terms of redress. In return for this offer, he files a bill in Chancery against the supposed offender, and continues to urge his suit, merely to load the defendant with costs; for he cannot entertain the most distant idea of being awarded damages for an infringement of *50 lines of literary property*, admitting (which is by no means granted) that his claim is founded.

Let this behaviour be reconciled to honour, to morality, or as Mr. Mason is in holy orders) to the *practice of piety*!

he

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he has realized already nearly one thousand pounds from the profits of his quarto edition of Mr. Gray's poems, he is not satisfied, but desires to suppress the publisher's little volume altogether, although it has not hitherto paid the expences incurred in printing it, in order to retain the monopoly of Mr. Gray's poems intirely in his own hands.

If his behaviour can be reconciled to a better principle, the publisher will readily confess it, and wishes to discover a motive less selfish, in order to speak of it; for although he disapproves of his conduct, he disclaims all animosity towards Mr. Mason, and is sorry that the present recital does not tend more to the credit of his character.

But Mr. Mason means to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Mr. Gray*, with the profits acquired by his book;—will this intension, disinterested as it is, if true, justify or excuse his present proceeding against a man, who, so far from offending, has offered him his own terms of compensation for an action, merely because he complained, though it was morally just?

* This report is new. Perhaps it has commenced since the date of Mr. Murray's public letter to Mr. Mason. In any view, however, we confess the sacrifice of his emolument to be great.

In

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In erecting a monument to the honour of Mr. Gray, let Mr. Mason be careful that he does not, by his behaviour, unthinkingly erect one of another kind for himself. Nor should this advice be despised, because it proceeds from a person he but little regards; truth being the same, through whatever channel it runs.

After this detail, it remains to say something of the present edition; and this can be comprized within a very few words. It cannot be denied that it appears under some disadvantages; but there are advantages to compensate for these: The reader is left in full possession of all Mr. Gray's *valuable* and *best* poems; and some articles are added which are not to be met with in any other edition of the author's works. The plates are engraved at a considerable expence from original designs; and four **NEW PLATES** have been designed and engraved for *this* edition.

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In erecting a monument to the honour of Mr. Gray, let Mr. Malon be careful that he does not, by his behaviour, unthinkingly erect one of another kind for himself. Nor should this advice be despised, because it proceeds from a person he but little regards, truth being the fairest, though, what ever channel it runs.

After this detail, it is to be observed, that the present edition, and this can be compared with a very few words. It cannot be denied that it appears under some disadvantages; but there are advantages to compensate for these: The reader is left in full possession of all Mr. Gray's valuable and happy poems; and some articles are added which are not to be met with in any other edition of the author's works. The plates are engraved at a considerable expence from original designs; and four new Plates have been designed and engraved for this edition.

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doled disposition, he did not add to
his paternal fortune. He neglected not,

however, the education of his son,
whom he sent to Eton school; where
he contracted an intimacy with Mr.

Horace Walpole, who is at present dis-
tinguished in the republic of letters;

and with Mr. Richard West, a young
gentleman of uncommon ability, whose
father was Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

MR. THOMAS GRAY, the subject
of this memoir, was born in
Cornhill, the twenty-sixth day of De-
cember 1716. His grandfather had been

a considerable merchant; but his father, Mr. Philip Gray, exercised the trade of a money-scrivener; and being of an indolent disposition, he did not add to his paternal fortune. He neglected not, however, the education of his son, whom he sent to Eton school; where he contracted an intimacy with Mr. Horace Walpole, who is at present so distinguished in the republic of letters; and with Mr. Richard West, a young gentleman of uncommon ability, whose father was Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

From Eton Mr. Gray, in the year 1734, removed to Cambridge, and was admitted a pensioner of St. Peter's College. Mr. West went to study in Christ-Church

Church College at Oxford; and these ingenious friends now commenced an epistolary correspondence, which, though not unworthy of their years, and of the hopes conceived of them, they little imagined was, one day, to be laid before the public.

They were not long in their respective universities, when they turned their attention to the study of the law. For, with that view, they found themselves in London in the year 1738. Mr. West took chambers in the Inner Temple, but Mr. Gray being invited by Mr. Walpole to accompany him in his travels, delayed, for a time, his application to

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a science, which, surely, did not suit
either his temper or his genius.

The improvement he received from
visiting France and Italy, was doubtless
very great. But the pleasure arising
from his travels, was painfully inter-
rupted by the disagreement which arose
between him and Mr. Walpole. Their
dispositions were different. The pensive
and philosophical turn of the former,
did not well agree with the gaiety and
liveliness of the latter. They had set
out in the end of the year 1739, and
they parted at Reggio in the year 1741.
Many years, however, did not pass till
a reconciliation was produced between
them,

them, by the intervention and offices of a lady, who had a friendship for both.

On Mr. Gray's return to London,* he found his father altogether wasted with the severe attacks of the gout, to which he had long been subject. Two months after he lost him, and succeeded to a scanty patrimony. The intention he had formed, of studying the law as a profession, began now to be shaken. But his friends urging him to maintain his original purpose, and the delicacy of his nature inducing him not to give them uneasiness, by too sudden a declaration of the state of his mind, he went to Cambridge, and took his

September 1741.

Bachelor's degree in the Civil Law:

The time he had passed in his travels, the intense labour required by the study of the Common Law, and, above all, the narrowness of his fortune, estranged him from a design, which perhaps he had never entertained with affection or ardour; and the anxiety excited by this undecisiveness as to the scheme of life he should follow, was now embittered by the sickness of Mr. West, who had some time languished in a consumption; and who, in June 1742, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, fell an unsuspecting victim to this distemper.

A short time before this cruel event, Mr. Gray had gone to visit his mother,
in

in her retirement at Stoke, near Wind-
 for, where he wrote his beautiful Ode
 on the Spring. And it is not impos-
 sible, but a presage of what was to
 happen, occasioned the interesting me-
 lancholy which reigns in it. His re-
 grets it is easier to conceive than to de-
 scribe; and they seem immediately to
 have given birth to a very tender son-
 net in English, in the manner of Pe-
 trarch, and to a noble apostrophe in
 Latin, which he intended as the intro-
 duction to one of his books, *De principiis*
*cogitandi**. It is also worthy of obser-
 vation, that within three months after
 Mr. West's death, he appears to have
 composed the Ode on a distant Prospect

* See his Memoirs by Mr. Mason.

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of Eton College, and the Hymn to Adversity. Nor is it to be doubted, that his sorrow for his beloved friend gave a tone to these delightful poems; and the reader of sensibility, who peruses them under this impression, will find an additional charm in them.

The genius of Mr. Gray, which was averse to the mechanism and toil of business, joined to his passion for study and literature, inclined him to live at Cambridge, where he had free access to many valuable libraries. From the winter of the year 1742, to the end of his life, it was the seat of his residence; and he was seldom absent from it, except on occasional visits to his mother; and during

ing that period*, when, on the opening of the British Museum, he took lodgings in Southampton-Row, for the purpose of examining, and extracting from, the Harleian and other manuscripts.

It was not till the year 1750, that he put the last hand to his much celebrated Elegy in a Country Church-yard. Mr. Walpole, who was infinitely delighted with it, communicated it in manuscript to many persons of distinction, who failed not to feel for and to bestow on the author the admiration and applause he so justly merited. In this polite and fashionable circle was Lady Cob-

* Between the years 1759 and 1762.

ham, who wishing much to be acquainted with Mr. Gray, procured this pleasure, by the means of her relation Miss Speed, and of Lady Schaub. The history of this incident, the circumstances of which were somewhat peculiar, he has thrown into a ballad, intitled, *A True Story*. Of this piece the humour does not appear very striking; and, though it has found admirers, the author himself refused it a place in his own edition of his poems.

The year 1753 was memorable to Mr. Gray, by the loss of his mother, whom he loved with an exemplary affection. In the year 1756, some young men, who lived in the same stair-case, and

and who fancied that birth and fortune gave them a title to be impertinent, disturbing him frequently and intentionally with their insults and riots, he found it necessary to remove from Peter-house, and went to Pembroke-hall. In the year 1768, by the unsolicited influence of the Duke of Grafton, he was nominated King's Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, a place of 400l. a year.

It appears, that in the early part of his life, he had entertained the desire of publishing an edition of Strabo; and, among his papers, there were many geographical disquisitions, which had been made with that intention. He
also

in A SHORT ACCOUNT OF

also left many explanatory and critical observations on the writings of Plato; and he had bestowed uncommon labour on the *Anthologia*. A project worthy of him, and more interesting than any of those, was, A History of English Poetry, on which he had long meditated, but thought proper to abandon, when he was informed that Mr. Warton, of Trinity College, Oxford, was engaged in a similar pursuit.

Among the branches of knowledge in which he excelled, it would be improper not to mention Architecture; and his skill in Heraldry was exact and extensive. But what was most peculiarly to his taste, and engaged his attention

vention the most constantly, was natural History. He left many notes on Linnaeus, and on Hudson's *Flora Anglica*; and while employed on Zoology, he studied Aristotle on that subject, and explained many of the obscure passages of that distinguished Ancient. Music he knew most exquisitely; and, while abroad, he had acquired a skill in Painting. In a word, if Mathematics are excepted, there was not a part of human learning which he had not cultivated with success.

A propensity to melancholy, the constant attendant of genius, was observable in Mr. Gray, from his earliest years; and an hereditary gout served

to encourage it. About the end of May 1771, he made a visit to London; but being oppressed with feverishness, and dejection of mind, he was advised to leave his lodgings in Jermyn-Street for Kensington; where a freer air so far operated to his recovery, as to enable him to return to Cambridge. On the 24th of July, however, a sudden sickness, while at dinner, made him retire to his chamber, from the College hall. His malady, which was found to be the gout in his stomach, continued to increase, and baffled all the art of medicine. On the 29th, a strong convulsion-fit seized him; it returned with additional violence on the 30th; and the evening after, this ingenious poet, and cultivated scholar, ceased to adorn England and human nature.

THE

THE
LAST WILL and TESTAMENT
OF
MR. THOMAS GRAY.

EXTRACTED FROM
The REGISTRY of the PREROGATIVE
COURT of CANTERBURY.

In the Name of God, Amen. I
THOMAS GRAY, of Pembroke-hall,
in the university of Cambridge, being of
sound mind and in good health of body,
yet ignorant how long these blessings
may be indulged me, Do make this my
last will and testament in manner and
form

form following: First, I do desire that my body may be deposited in the vault made by my late dear mother in the church-yard of Stoke-Pogeis, near Slough, in Buckinghamshire, near her remains, in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined or covered, and (unless it be very inconvenient) I could wish that one of my Executors may see me laid in the grave, and distribute among such honest and industrious poor persons in the said parish as he thinks fit, the sum of ten pounds in charity. Next I give to George Williamson, Esq; my second cousin by the father's side, now of Calcutta in Bengal, the sum of five hundred pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities, now standing in my name. I give to Anna Lady Goring, also my second cousin by the father's side, of the county of Sussex, five hundred pounds Reduced Bank Annuities, and a pair of large blue and
white

white old Japan china jars. *Item*, I give to Mary Antrobus, of Cambridge, spinster, my second cousin by the mother's side, all that my freehold estate and house in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, London, now let at the yearly rent of sixty-five pounds, and in the occupation of Mr. Nortgeth, perfumer, provided that she pay out of the said rent, by half-yearly payments, Mrs. Jane Olliffe, my aunt, of Cambridge, widow, the sum of Twenty pounds per ann. during her natural life; and after the decease of the said Jane Olliffe, I give the said estate to the said Mary Antrobus, To Have and To Hold, to her, her heirs and assigns for ever. Further I bequeath to the said Mary Antrobus the sum of six hundred pounds, New South-Sea Annuities, now standing in the joint names of Jane Olliffe and Thomas Gray, but charged with the payment of five
C pounds

pounds per ann. to Graves Stokeley, of Stoke-Pogeis, in the county of Bucks, which sum of six hundred pounds, after the decease of the said annuitant, does (by the will of Anne Rogers, my late aunt) belong solely and entirely to me, together with all overplus of interest in the mean time accruing. Further, if at the time of my decease there shall be any arrear of salary due to me from his Majesty's treasury, I give all such arrears to the said Mary Antrobus. *Item*, I give to Mrs. Dorothy Comyns, of Cambridge, my other second cousin by the mother's side, the sums of six hundred pounds, Old South-Sea Annuities, of three hundred pounds, Four per Cent. Bank Annuities Consolidated; and of two hundred pounds Three per Cent. Bank Annuities Consolidated; all now standing in my name. I give to Richard Stonehewer, Esq; one of his Majesty's

Majesty's Commissioners of Excise, the sum of five hundred pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities; and I beg his acceptance of one of my diamond rings. I give to Dr. Thomas Wharton, of Old Park, in the bishopric of Durham, five hundred pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities; and desire him also to accept of one of my diamond rings. I give to my servant, Stephen Hempstead, the sum of fifty pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities; and if he continues in my service to the time of my death, I also give him all my wearing apparel and linen. I give to my two cousins above mentioned, Mary Antrobus and Dorothy Comyns, all my plate, watches, rings, china ware, bed linen, and table linen, and the furniture of my chambers at Cambridge, not otherwise bequeathed, to be equally and amicably shared between them. I give to the Reverend

William Mason, Precentor of York, all my books, manuscripts, coins, music, printed or written, and papers of all kinds, to preserve or destroy at his own discretion: And after my just debts and the expences of my funeral are discharged, all the residue of my personal estate whatsoever I do hereby give and bequeath to the said Reverend William Mason, and to the Reverend Mr. James Browne, President of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, to be equally divided between them, desiring them to apply the sum of two hundred pounds to an use of charity, concerning which I have already informed them: and I do hereby constitute and appoint them, the said William Mason and James Browne, to be joint executors of this my last will and testament. And if any relation of mine, or other legatee, shall go about to molest, or commence any suit against, my said

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executors in the execution of their office, I do, as far as the law will permit me, hereby revoke and make void all such bequests or legacies as I had given to that person or persons, and give it to be divided between my said executors and residuary legatees, whose integrity and kindness I have so long experienced, and who can best judge of my true intention and meaning. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this second day of July, 1770.

THOMAS GRAY.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Thomas Gray, the testator, as, and for, his last will and testament, in the presence of us; who in his presence, and at his request, and in the presence of each other,

have signed our names as witnesses hereto,

RICHARD BAKER,

THOMAS WILSON,

JOSEPH TURNER.

Proved at London the twelfth of August, 1771, before the Worshipful Andrew Coltre Ducarel, Doctor of Laws, and Surrogate, by the oaths of the Reverend William Mason, Clerk, Master of Arts, and the Reverend James Browne, Clerk, Master of Arts, the executors; to whom administration was granted, having been first sworn duly to administer.

JOHN STEVENS,

HENRY STEVENS,

GEO. GOSTLING, junr.

} Deputy
Registers.

THE

THE
TEARS OF GENIUS.

A N O D E.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. GRAY.

(By J. T——.)

ON Cham's fair banks, where Learning's hal-
low'd fame
Majestic rises on th' astonished sight,
Where oft the muse has led the favourite swain,
And warm'd his soul with Heaven's inspiring
light,
Beneath the covert of the sylvan shade,
Where deadly cypress, mix'd with mournful yew,
Far o'er the vale a gloomy stillness spread,
Celestial Genius burst upon the view.

The bloom of youth, the majesty of years,
 The soften'd aspect, innocent and kind,
 The sigh of sorrow, and the streaming tears,
 Refulgent all, their various pow'rs combin'd.

In her fair hand a silver harp she bore,
 Whose magic notes, soft-warbling from the string,
 Give tranquil joy the breast ne'er knew before,
 Or raise the soul on rapture's airy wing.
 By grief impell'd, I heard her heave a sigh,
 While thus the rapid strain resounded thro' the sky:

Haste, ye sister powers of song,
 Hasten from the shady grove,
 Where the river rolls along,
 Sweetly to the voice of love.

Where, indulging mirthful pleasures,
 Light you press the flow'ry green,
 And from Flora's blooming treasures
 Call the wreaths for fancy's queen.
 Where your gently-flowing numbers,
 Floating on the fragrant breeze,
 Sink the soul in pleasing slumbers,
 On the downy bed of ease.

For

TEARS OF GENIUS.

xxx

For graver strains prepare the plaintive lyre,
That wakes the softest feelings of the soul;
Let lonely grief the melting verse inspire,
Let deep'ning sorrow's solemn accents roll.

Rack'd by the hand of rude disease
Behold our fav'rite poet lies!

While every object form'd to please,
Far from his couch ungrateful flies.

The blissful muse, whose favouring smile
! So lately warm'd his peaceful breast,
Diffusing heavenly joys the while,

In transport's radiant garments drest,
With darksome grandeur and enfeobl'd blaze,
Sinks in the shades of night, and thuns his eager
gaze.

The gaudy train, who wait on SPRING,*

Ting'd with the pomp of vernal pride,

The youth who mount on pleasure's wing †,

And idly sports on Thames's side,

With cool regard their various arts employ,

Nor rouse the drooping mind, nor give the pause
of joy.

* Ode on SPRING.

† Ode on the Prospect of ETON COLLEGE.

Ha! what forms, with port sublime*,
 Glide along in sullen mood,
 Scorning all the threats of time,
 High above misfortune's flood?

They seize their harps, they strike the lyre,
 With rapid hand, with freedom's fire.
 Obedient nature hears the lofty sound,
 And Snowdon's airy cliffs the heavenly strains re-
 sound.

In pomp of state, behold they wait,
 With arms outstretch'd, and aspects kind,
 To snatch on high to yonder sky,

The child of fancy left behind:
 Forgot the woes of Cambria's fatal day,
 By rapture's blaze impell'd, they swell the artless
 lay.

But ah in vain they strive to sooth,

With gentle arts, the tort'ring hours;
 ADVERSITY†, with rankling tooth,

Her baleful gifts profusely pours.

Behold she comes, the fiend forlorn,
 Array'd in horror's settled gloom;

* BARD, an Ode.

† Hymn to ADVERSITY.

She

TEARS OF GENIUS. xxxvii

She strews the brian and prickly thorn,
 And triumphs in th' infernal doom.
 With frantic fury and insatiate rage,
 She gnaws the throbbing breast, and blasts the
 glowing page.
 No more the soft EOLIAN Aute
 Breathes thro' the heart the melting strain;
 The powers of Harmony are mute,
 And leave the once-delightful plain;
 With heavy wing I see them beat the air,
 Damp't by the leaden hand of comfortless despair.
 Yet stay, O! stay, celestial pow'rs,
 And with a hand of kind regard,
 Dispel the boist'rous storm that lours
 Destructive on the fav'rite bard;
 O watch with me his last expiring breath,
 And snatch him from the arms of dark, oblivious
 death.
 Hark the FATAL SISTERS † join,
 And with horror's mutt'ring sounds,
 Weave the tissue of his line,
 While the dreadful spell resounds.

* The PROGRESS OF POESY.

† The FATAL SISTERS, an Ode.

Hail,

" Hail, ye midnight sisters, hail,

" Drive the shuttle swift along;

" Let your secret charms prevail

" O'er the valiant and the strong.

" O'er the glory of the land,

" O'er the innocent and gay,

" O'er the muses' tuneful band,

" Weave the fun'ral web of Gray."

Tis done; 'tis done—the iron hand of pain,

With ruthless fury and corrosive force,

Racks every joint, and seizes every vein:

He sinks, he groans, he falls a lifeless corse.

Thus fades the flow'r nip'd by the frozen gale,

Tho' once so sweet, so lovely to the eye:

Thus the tall oaks, when boist'rous storms assail,

Torn from the earth, a mighty ruin lye.

Ye sacred sisters of the plaintive verse,

Now let the stream of fond affection flow;

O pay your tribute o'er the slow-drawn hearse,

With all the manly dignity of woe.

Oft when the Curfew tolls its parting knell,

With solemn pause yon CHURCH-YARD'S

gloom survey;

While

While sorrow's sighs, and tears of pity tell,
How just the moral of the poet's lay*.

O'er his green grave, in contemplation's guise,
Oft let the pilgrim drop a silent tear;
Oft let the shepherd's tender accents rise,
Big with the sweets of each revolving year;
Till prostrate time adore his deathless name,
Fix'd on the solid base of adamantine fame.

* Elegy in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

TEARS OF GENIUS.

While former's sighs, and tears of pity roll,

How just the moral of the poet's lay.

O'er his green grave, in contemplation's guise,

Or let the pilgrim drop a hasty tear,

Or let the shepherd's tender accents rise,

Big with the sweets of each revolving year;

Till prostrate time 56 **VI** 2 **VI** 2

Fix'd on the solid base of adamantine fame.

• Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

T O M A

P O E M S.

B Y

M R. G R A Y.

Let when the day-bow'd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Diffuse the long-expected hours,
And wake the people's ears;
The Aeneas' voice, her throat,
Responsive to the custom's note,
The sunlight hours of day,
While, whispering pleasures, they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue fly,
Their gentle fragrance fly.

P. O. F. M. S.



M. R. M. A. Y.

ODE ON THE SPRING

O D E

ON THE

S P R I N G.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair VENUS' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

bnA

D

Where-

Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch,
A broader browner shade;

Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;

Beside some water's rushy brink

With me the Muse shall sit, and think,
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state),

How vain the ardour of the crowd,

How low, how little are the proud,

How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;

The panting herds repose:

Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air

The busy murmur glows!

The insect youth are on the wing,

Eager to taste the honied spring,

And

And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye

Such is the race of man :

And they that creep, and they that fly,

Shall end where they began.

Alike the busy and the gay

But flutter thro' life's little day,

In Fortune's varying colours drest :

Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,

Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance

They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,

The sportive kind reply ;

Poor Moralist ! and what art thou ?

A solitary fly !

Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display:
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown:
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
 We frolic while 'tis May.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT.

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

D₃

O D E

ON 1 OF 4



FAYOULE CAT.

Drawn in a Tab of Gold Folios.

D

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT.

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd

The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws;

Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd ; but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream :
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
 Thro' richest purple to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :
 A whisker first, and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
 What female heart can gold despise?
 What cat's avers to fish?

Presump-

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulph between:

(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
Some speedy aid to send.

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.

Nor all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
 Nor all that glisters, gold.

O D E

O D E
ON A
DISTANT PROSPECT
OF
ETON COLLEGE.

|| That crown the valley glads,
Where gentle Science has her seat,
Her Hesper's holy shade,
And my "Ἀλφειὸν ἱερὸν πρὸ φασίς εἰς τὸ δευχῆν."

MENANDER.

O D E

OF A

DISTANT RESPECT



ETON COLLEGE

1800

Presented to the Trustees of the British Museum

By the Rev. John Smith

O D E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

E T O N C O L L E G E.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,

That crown the wat'ry glade,

Where grateful Science still adores

Her **HENRY'S** holy shade;

And ye, that from the stately brow

Of **WINDSOR'S** heights th' expanse below

Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,

Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among

Wanders the hoary Thames along

His silver-winding way.

Ah

56 ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
 Ah fields belov'd in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel, the gales that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green
 The paths of pleasure trace;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,
 With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?

The

The captive linnet, which enthal?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murm'ring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty:
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry:
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast:

Theirs

58 ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT

Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, Invention ever-new,
And lively Cheer of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,

Disdainful

Disdainful Anger, palid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart:
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy,
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
 And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

E

Lo,

AN ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT

Lo, in the Vale of Years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain;
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate!
Since sorrow never comes too late,

And

And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

LONG STORY

E 2

A LONG

And happiness too fairly lies
Thought would destroy their paradise
No more - where ignorance is bliss
Tis folly to be wise
I have a secret from the world
That every heart should know
That's why I tell you all
I have a secret from the world
That's why I tell you all
I have a secret from the world
That's why I tell you all
I have a secret from the world
That's why I tell you all

The end of the world is near
The end of the world is near
The end of the world is near
The end of the world is near
The end of the world is near
The end of the world is near
The end of the world is near
The end of the world is near

Mr. Overy's story in the Evening Church-
Yard, before it appeared in print, was handed about
in manuscript, and amongst other eminent persons,
was who first and admitted it, was the Lady Cos-
ham, who resided at the Mansion-house in St. John's
Square. The performance induced her to write for
the author's acquaintance, and a few days and
little space, then a fortnight, undertaken to edit
the two volumes which were soon the subject of his

LONG STORY.

[illegible]



MR. GRAY's Elegy in the Country Church-Yard, before it appeared in print, was handed about in manuscript; and amongst other eminent personages who saw and admired it, was the Lady Cobham, who resided at the Mansion-house at Stoke-Pogeis. The performance induced her to wish for the author's acquaintance; and Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at her house, undertook to effect it. These two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's solitary mansion, where he at that time resided; and not finding him at home, they left their names. Mr. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit. And as the beginning of this acquaintance wore a little of the face of romance; he soon after gave a fanciful and pleasant account of it in the following copy of verses, which he entitled **A LONG STORY.**

ALTHOUGH this performance certainly possesses great humour, yet it is not immediately perceived; and has not been *universally* relished. The author perceived this himself, and owned it candidly.—“The verses,” he writes to Dr. Wharton, “you so kindly try to keep in countenance, were written merely to divert Lady Cobham and her family, and succeeded accordingly; but being shewed about in town, are not liked at all.” This last consideration induced Mr. Gray to reject them in the Collection which he himself made of his poems.

MR. GRAY's Executor having thought fit to restore them, they are retained here.

A LONG STORY. 33

Full of within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters' age,
My grave-book looked at the burial place
The seals and marks were all defaced
L O N G S T O R Y.
His busy hands, and thoughtful brow,
His high-crowned hat, and rich attire,
Moved the grave-book of the burial place
The grave and ground could not receive
IN Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands:
The Huntingdens and Hattons there
Employed the power of Fairy hands
To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.
The E 4 Full

Full oft within the spacious walls,
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,
 My grave Lord-Keeper led the Brawls:
 The Seals and Maces danc'd before him.
 His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
 His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
 Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
 Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
 Shame of the versifying tribe!
 Your Hist'ry whither are you spinning?
 Can you do nothing but describe?

A House there is, (and that's enough)
 From whence one fatal morning issues
 A brace of warriors, not in bluff,
 But rustling in their silks and tissues
 The

The first came cap-a-pee from France
 Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,
 Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
 And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind heaven
 Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:
 But Cobham had the polish given,
 And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her hair—
 Coarse panegyrics would but tease her,
 Melissa is her *Nom de Guerre*.
 Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchin,
 And aprons long they hid their armour,
 And veil'd their weapons bright and keen
 In pity to the country-farmer.

Fame in the shape of Mr. P--tt had told
 (By this time all the parish know it)
 Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
 A wicked Imp they call a Port;

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
 Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
 Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
 And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
 Swore by her coronet and ermine,
 She'd issue out her high commission
 To rid the manor of such vermin

The Heroines undertook the task,
 Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stile they ventur'd,
 Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
 But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

3000-1

The

A LONG STORY.

69

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they rattle.
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creck and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tetter clamber;

Into the Drawers and China pry,
Papers and books, a huge Imbroglia!
Under a tea cup he might lie,
Or creased like dog-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops,
To a small closet in the garden.

So

So Rumour says: (Who will, believe.)
 But that they left the door a-jar,
 Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
 He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
 The power of magic was no fable;
 Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
 But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle
 The poet felt a strange disorder:
 Transparent birdlime form'd the middle,
 And chains invifible the border,

So cunning was the Apparatus,
 The powerful pothooks did fo move him,
 That, will he, nill he, to the Great-house
 He went, as if the devil drove him.

Yet

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
 For folks in fear are apt to pray)
 To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
 And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel,
 But with a blush on recollection
 Own'd that his quiver and his laurel
 'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The Court was fat, the Culprit there,
 Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping
 The Lady *Janes* and *Joans* repair,
 And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night
 Come (sweep) along some winding entry
 (*Styack* has often seen the sight)
 Or at the chapel-door stand sentry;

In

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
 Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
 High Dames of honour once, that garnish'd
 The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary!

The Peerefs comes. The Audience stare,
 And doff their hats with due submission:
 She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
 To all the People of condition.

The Bard with many an artful fib,
 Had in imagination fenc'd him,
 Disprov'd the arguments of *Squib*,
 And all that *Groom* could urge against him:

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
 When he the solemn hall had seen;
 A sudden fit of ague shook him,
 He stood as mute as poor *Macleane*.

Yet

Yet something he was heard to mutter,

‘ How in the Park beneath an old tree,

‘ (Without design to hurt the butter,

‘ Or any malice to the poultry,)

‘ He once or twice had penn’d a sonnet;

‘ Yet hop’d that he might save his bacon:

‘ Numbers would give their oaths upon it,

‘ He ne’er was for a conjurer taken.’

The ghostly prudes with hagg’d face

Already had condemn’d the finner,

My Lady rose, and with a grace—

She smil’d, and bid him come to dinner.

‘ Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,

‘ Why what can the Viscountess mean?’

(Cried the square Hoods in woeful fidget)

‘ The times are alter’d quite and clean!

‘ Decorum’s

- ' Decorum's turned to mere civility;
- ' Her air and all her Manners shew it.
- ' Commend me to her affability!
- ' Speak to a Commoner and Poet!

[Here 509 Stanzas are lost.]

And so God save our noble King,
 And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,
 That to eternity would sing,
 And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.

ODE
 The times are alter'd quite and clean,
 Why what can the Villanous mean?
 John-Maria! Madam Bridget!
 The ghastly prides with haggard face
 Already had condemn'd the dance
 My Lady rose, and with a grace
 She smiled, and bid him come to dinner.

O D E
T O
A D V E R S I T Y.

—— Ζῆνα,
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτῶς ἰδὼ-
σατο, τῷ πάθει μάθος
Θύλα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in *Agamemnon*.

F O D E

O D E



A D V E R T I S E M E N T

The British Museum
has the honor to
inform you that
it is now open
to the public

1793

O D E

T O

A D V E R S I T Y.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour,
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others
 woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good,
 Light they disperse; and with them go
 The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again
 believ'd.

Wisdom

Wisdom in fable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still, on thy solemn steps attend:
 Warm Charity, the general friend,
 With Justice to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear!

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

ODE TO ADVERSITY

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a
 man.

THE
 With loud ring voice, and threatening mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disaise, and ghastly Poverty,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 With loud ring voice, and threatening mien,
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 Not crushed with the vengeful hand
 Not in thy Gorgon horrors clad,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
 Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,

T H E

PROGRESS OF POESY.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

PINDARIC ODE. When the author first published this and the following ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to insert some few explanatory notes; but he had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take this liberty.

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

F 4



PROGRESS OF POETRY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

When the author first published this and the following ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes; but he had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty.

LONDON, Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:

Now rolling down the steep, amidst the

Headlong, impetuous, leech-pools, and

PROGRESS OF POESY.

THE

On Cytherea's

A PINDARIC ODE.

With

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul, and

Parent of sweet and solemn harmony,

Enchanting, dwell the lullaby

AWAKE, *I. L.* **Eolian lyre, awake,**

And give to rapture all thy trembling

strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take;

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,

Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of music winds along,

Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,

Thro'

84 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the
 roar.

II. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the fullen Cares,
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

THE IDALIAN ODE

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 Then the voice, the dance obey, the bloom
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crowned loves are seen
 On Cythera's day
 With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures;
 Frisking light in frolic measures;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet;
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,
 Glands their many-twinkling feet,
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach
 Where-e'er she turns the Graces homage pay,
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gilding state she wins her easy way.

O'er

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young desire, and purple light
 of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
 The fond complaint, my song disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muse?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky:
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring
 shafts of war.

Fields, that cool the sun's hot rays.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
How do you roared, and echoes how do you
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where-e'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy
flame.

circled about

II. 3.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Egean deep,

Fields,

88 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Maeander's amber waves
 In lingering lab'rins creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around;
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-en-
 circled coast.

THE PINDARIC ODE ENT

Far from the sun and summer gale,
 In thy green lap has Nature's darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face: the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd:
 This pencil take (he said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year:
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or open the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.
 Nor second he, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time;

The

90 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night,
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-
resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Not

Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the
Great.

G

THE

Beneath the Good how far—how far above the
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar tale,
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way,
 With orient hues, unhappily lost of those
 Such forms as givers in the fields' way,
 Yet off before his infant eyes would roll
 Two, the same deep of air, the same
 Sailing with a prismatic shadow
 That the Turk's head had
 Nor the pale, nor simple prison,

THE

ADVERTISEMENT.
B A R D.

The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales that Edward the First when he completed the conquest of that country ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

PINDARIC ODE.



ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

To give thy form from night's dark
 Moon's dim light, from Camp's dim
 spot were the found of the cross'd path
 OF the first Edward's time, I will bring

As down the flow of snow's rapid
 B A R D D.

From the first of his long way
 To the first of his long way
 A PINDARIC ODE.

On a rock, whose rugged brow
 Frown'd on old Conqueror's blood

RUIN seize thee, ruthless King;
 Confusion on thy banners wait;
 Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state;
 Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail;
 To

' To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 ' From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance!
 To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his
 quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air;) R
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre. T

' Hark,

• Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
 • Sigh to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 • O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms
 • they wave,
 • Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 • Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 • To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewel-
 • lyn's lay.

I. 3.

• Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 • That hush'd the stormy main:
 • Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
 • Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 • Modred, whose magic song
 • Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd
 • head.

G 4

• On

' On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 ' Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
 ' Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
 ' The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
 ' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 ' Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 ' Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 ' Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 ' No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 ' On yonder cliffs, a grievous band,
 ' I see them sit, they linger yet,
 ' Avengers of their native land:
 ' With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 ' And weave with bloody hands the tissue of
 ' thy line.'

II. I.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 " The winding-sheet of Edward's race.

" Give

" Give ample room, and verge enough
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year, and mark the night,
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 " The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs
 " that ring,
 " Shrieks of an agonizing King!
 " She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 " That tear't the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 " From thee be born, who o'er thy country
 " hangs
 " The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors
 " round him wait!
 " Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude
 " behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 " Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 " No

" No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 " A tear to grace his obsequies.
 " Is the sable warrior fled?
 " Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 " The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were
 born?
 " Gone to salute the rising Morn. [blows,
 " Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 " In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
 " Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
 " Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 " That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his
 evening-prey.

II. 3.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 " The rich repast prepare,
 " Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast;
 " Close by the regal chair

" Fell

- " Fell thirst and famine scowl
" A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
" Heard ye the din of battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
" Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
" And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their
" way.
" Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
" And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
" Above, below, the rose of snow,
" Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread!
" The bristled boar in infant gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed
" loom
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify
" his doom.

III.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun,)
 " Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
 " Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
 " Leave me unblest'd, unpity'd, here to mourn:
 " In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 " They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 " But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowden's
 " height
 " Descending flow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
 " Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
 " Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 " No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 " All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue,
 " hail!

III. 2.

- ‘ Girt with many a Baron bold
- ‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
- ‘ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
- ‘ In bearded majesty, appear.
- ‘ In the midst a form divine!
- ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
- ‘ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
- ‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.
- ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
- ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play!
- ‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin, hear;
- ‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
- ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
- ‘ Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour’d wings.

HI. 3.

' The verse adorn again
 ' Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 ' And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd,
 ' In buskin'd measures move
 ' Pale Grief, and pleasing pain,
 ' With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 ' A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 ' Gales from blooming Eden bear;
 ' And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 ' That lost in long futurity expire.
 ' Fond impious man, thinkst thou yon fan-
 ' guine cloud,
 ' Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb
 ' of day?
 ' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 ' And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough

- ‘ Enough for me : with joy I see
- ‘ The different doom our fates assign.
- ‘ Be thine Despair, and scepter’d Care ;
- ‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’

He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain’s
height,

Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless
night.

Enough for me: with joy I see
The bliss, no doom can ever bring
Be thine, Odean, and the great Gate
To triumph, and to die no more
He took, and he the number

55 Y 3

Deep in the morning the he plung'd to rocks
Night, in the morning the he plung'd to rocks



THE



FATAL SISTERS.



*See the grisley texture grow!
(Tis of human Entrails made.)
And the Weights that play below,
Each a gasping Warriors Head.*

Nov: 20th 1777. Published as the Act directs by J. Murray N^o 32 Fleetstreet London.

THE

FATAL SISTERS.

The author once had thought (in concert
with a friend) **ANN D'E**
To be found in the introduction to it he means to
(From the Norse Tongue)

that reigned in ancient times among the neigh-
bouring nations; or those who had subdued
To be found in the ORCADES of THERMODY
TORFAUS; HAFNIA, 1697, Folio; and
also in BARTHOLOINUS.

made a part of them. The author has drop-
ped his design; especially after he had heard
VITT ER GRPIT FYRIR VALFALAI, &c.
that it was already in the hands of a person
well qualified to do it justice, than by his
late, and his reluctance into simplicity.

H



2 ADVERTISEMENT.

The author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving *A History of English Poetry*: In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this island, and were our progenitors: the following three imitations made a part of them. He afterwards dropped his design; especially after he had heard, that it was already in the hands of a person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.

P R E F A C E

IN the eleventh century, *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney islands, went with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sigtryg* with the *silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sigtryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss, by the death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of *Caithness* in Scotland saw, at a distance, a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow

them; till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom, and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and, each taking her portion, galloped six to the north, and as many to the south.

See the grisly texture grow! (This of human entrails made)

And the weights that lay below

T H E

F A T A L S I S T E R S

Shoot the trembling cords along

Sword, that once a monarch bore

Keep the rifle close and strong

NOW the storm begins to lour,

(Haste, the loom of hell prepare.)

Iron fleet of arrows shower

Hurtles in the darkened air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,

Where the dusky warp we strain,

Weaving many a soldier's doom,

Orkney's woe, and Bannock's bane.

(Weave)

H 3

See

See the grisly texture grow!

('Tis of human entrails made,)

And the weights that play below,

Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles dipt in gore,

Shoot the trembling cords along.

Sword, that once a monarch bore,

Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,

Sangrída, and Hilda, see!

Join the wayward work to aid:

'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,

Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,

Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,

Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave

(Weave the crimson web of war.)
 Let us go, and let us fly,
 Where our friends the conflict share,
 Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
 Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field,
 Gondula, and Geira, spread
 O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
 Ours to kill, and ours to spare;
 Spite of danger he shall live.
 (Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
 Pent within its bleak domain,
 Soon their ample sway shall stretch
 O'er the plenty of the plain.

184 THE FATAL SISTERS.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
 Gor'd with many a gaping wound;
 Fate demands a nobler head;
 Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Erin weep,
 Ne'er again his likeness see;
 Long her strains in sorrow steep:
 Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
 Clouds of carnage blot the sun;
 Sisters, weave the web of death.
 Sisters, cease! The work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
 Songs of joy and triumph sing;
 Joy to the victorious bands;
 Triumph to the younger King.

W. L.

+ H

Mortal,

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, thro' each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence, with spurs of speed!
Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

Moral, then that heart's tale,
 I earn the tenure of our long,
 Scotland, thro' each winding vale,
 Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sifters, hence, with flume of speed!
 Each her thundering isolation wield;
 Each belittle her labile tread,
 Hurry, hurry, to the field!

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T H E
DESCENT OF ODIN.
A N O D E.

(From the NORSE TONGUE.)

To be found in BARTHOLINUS, de causis
contemnendæ mortis; HAFNIÆ, 1689,
Quarto.

UPKEIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.

DESCENDING



A. N. E.

(From the Norse Tongue.)

To be found in Bartholinus de casibus
contingendis mortis; Havnia, 1689.
Quarto.

UPPER JOHN ALIDA GAUTR, &c.



DESCENT of ODIN.



*Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead!*

Published as the Act directs 15 Aug: 1776

DESCENT OF ODIN.

A N O D E

UPROSE the King of men with speed,
 And saddled strait his coal-black steed;
 Down the yawning steep he rode,
 That leads to HELLA's drear abode.
 Him the dog of darkness spied;
 His shaggy throat he opened wide,
 While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
 Foam and human gore distill'd.
 Hoarse he brays with hideous din,
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;

And

And long pursues, with fruitless yell,

The father of the powerful spell.

Onward still his way he takes,

(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)

Till full before his fearless eyes

The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,

By the moss-grown pile he sat,

Where long of yore to sleep was laid

The dust of the prophetic Maid.

Facing to the northern clime,

Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;

Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,

The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;

Till from out the hollow ground

Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

THE FIRST BOOK
A N O D E

11

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

O D I N.

A Traveller to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed.

P R O-

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
 The pure bev'rage of the bee;
 O'er it hangs the shield of gold:
 'Tis the drink of *Balder* bold.
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
 Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!
 Unwilling I my lips uncloset
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.
 Prophetess, arise, and say,
 What dangers *Odin's* child await,
 Who the author of his fate.

PROPHETESS.

In *Hoder's* hand the hero's doom,
 His brother sends him to the tomb.
 Now

Now my weary lips I close: O

Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey:

Once again arise, and say,

Who th' avenger of his guilt,

By whom shall *Hoder's* blood be spilt,

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west;

By *Odin's* fierce embrace comprest,

A wond'rous boy shall *Rinda* bear,

Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,

Nor wash his visage in the stream,

Nor see the sun's departing beam,

Till he on *Hoder's* corse shall smile

Flaming on the funeral pile.

Now my weary lips I close:

Leave me, leave me to repose.

I

ODIN.

124 THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey;
Prophetesses, awake, and say,
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESSES,

Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line—

ODIN.

No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant-brood!

PRO-

P R O P H E T E S S.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till *Lok* has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE HISTORY OF THE

PROPHETS

This is the place, and both at home and
That never shall conquer come
To break my iron-rod again
The Lord has built his iron-rod chain
Never will I be afraid
Has rendered his ancient right
The world is mine, the world is mine
Sinks the beam of the world of mine

THE HISTORY OF THE
PROPHETS
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T H E
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A F R A G M E N T.

Owen succeeded his father Gwilym in the
principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty

Mr. Evans's Specimen of Welsh Poetry;

LONDON, 1764, Quarto.



ADVERTISEMENT.

OWEN succeeded his father GRIFFIN in the
principality of NORTH WALES, A. D.
1120. This battle was fought near forty
years afterwards.

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

OWEN's praise demands my song,

OWEN swift, and OWEN strong;

Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,

Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.

He nor heaps his brooded stores,

Nor on all profusely pours;

Lord of every regal art,

Liberal hand, and open heart.

I 4

Big

Where

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;

This the force of Eirin hiding;

Side by side as proudly riding,

On her shadow long and gay

Lochlin plows the wat'ry way:

There the Norman sails afar

Catch the winds, and join the war:

Black and huge along they sweep,

Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands

The dragon-son of Mona stands:

In glittering arms and glory drest,

High he rears his ruby crest.

There the thund'ring strokes begin,

There the press, and there the din;

Talymalfra's rocky shore

Echoing to the battle's roar.

Where

Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn :
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there ;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child ;
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild ;
Agony, that pants for breath ;
Despair, and honourable Death.

* * * * *

At the INSTALLATION of the Greek
Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of
Gloucester, Chancellor of the University.

O D E

Delpair, and honourable
 Agony, that pains for
 Conflict, fear, and Rile wild;
 There Confusion, Terror's child,
 Fear to stop, and shame to fly,
 Marking with indignant eye
 Hark! hark! Rome is there;
 Where he points his purple spear,
 Thousand banners round him burn;
 Where his glowing eye calls true.

ODE FOR MUSIC.

PERFORMED IN THE

SENATE-HOUSE

A T

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 1, 1769.

**At the INSTALLATION of his Grace
AUGUSTUS-HENRY FITZROY, Duke of
GRAFTON, CHANCELLOR of the University.**

ODE FOR MUSIC

PERFORMED IN THE

SEN HOUSE



CAMBRIDGE, JULY 15, 1860

At the INSTALLATION of his Grace
Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of
Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

O D E F O R M U S I C.

IRREGULAR.

HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
" Cornus, and his midnight-crew,
" And Ignorance with looks profound,
" And dreaming Sloth of palid hue,
" Mad Sedition's cry profane,
" Servitude that hugs her chain,
" Nor in these consecrated bowers
" Let painted Flattery hide her serpent-train
" in flowers.

NO

"Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain
 "Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
 "While bright-eyed Science watches round:
 "Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
 Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:
 There sit the sainted Sage, the Bard divine,
 The Few, whom Genius gave to shine
 Thro' every unborn age, and undiscover'd
 clime.
 Rapt in celestial transport they,
 Yet hither oft a glance from high
 They send of tender sympathy
 To bless the place, where on their opening soul
 First the genuine ardor stole.
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
 Meek

Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the
 rhyme.

III.

"Ye brown o'er-arching Groves,
 "That Contemplation loves,
 "Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
 "Oft at the blush of dawn
 "I trod your level lawn,
 "Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright)
 "In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
 "With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd
 "Melancholy."

IV.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
 With solemn steps and slow,
 High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
 And mitred fathers in long order go:

Great

Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow,
 From haughty Gallia torn,
 And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
 That wept her bleeding Love, and princely
 Clare,

And Anjou's Heroine, and the paler Rose,
 The rival of her crown and of her woes,
 And either Henry there,
 The murder'd Saint, and the majestic Lord,
 That broke the bonds of Rome,
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
 Their human passions now no more,
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bad these awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morn
 And thus they speak in soft accord
 The liquid language of the skies.

And mixed fathers in long order go:

- " What is grandeur, what is Power!
 " Heavier toil, superior pain.
 " What the bright reward we gain?
 " The grateful memory of the Good.
 " Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
 " The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 " Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 " The still small voice of Gratitude."

VI.

- Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
 The venerable Marg'ret see!
 " Welcome, my noble Son, (she cries aloud)
 " To this, thy kindred train, and me:
 " Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
 " A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
 " Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
 " The flower unheeded shall descry,

K

" And

" And bid it round heav'ns altars shed
 " The fragrance of its blushing head:
 " Shall raise from earth the latent gem
 " To glitter on the diadem.

" The grateful memory of the Good."

" Sweet is the breath of flowers."

VII.

" Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
 " Not obvious, not obtrusive, She
 " No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings:
 " Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
 " Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
 " She reveres herself and thee.
 " With modest pride to grace thy youthful

" brow"

" The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she
 " brings,

" And to thy just, thy gentle hand
 " Submits the Fasces of her sway,

" While"

" While Spirits blest above and Men below
" Join with glad voice the loud symphonious
" lay.

VIII.

" Thro' the wild waves as they roar
" With watchful eye and dauntless mien
" Thy steady course of honour keep,
" Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
" The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
" And gilds the horrors of the deep."

"While spirits blith above and men below
 "Join now glad voice the loud symphonious
 "Joy and triumph shout and shout and shout

VIII.

"Trio the wild waves as they roar
 "With wand'ring eye and thund'ring roar
 "Thy ready cohorts of honest men
 "Nor fear the rocks nor fear the sea
 "The fleet of Beaulieu's boats are here
 "And glides the banners of the day

Е. Р. І Т А Р Н.

К 3



E. P. I. P. II.



12



EPITAPH ON M^r CLARKE.



*Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A Friend, a WIFE, a Mother Sleeps.*

Published Nov^r 1783, by J. MURRAY, 32, Fleet Street.

E P I T A P H

ON

MRS. CLARKE.

Lot where this silent marble weeps,
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps;
A Heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell,
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
And soft Humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind;

Her infant image, here below,
 Sits smiling on a father's woe:
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
 Along the lonely vale of days?
 A pang to secret sorrow dear;
 A sigh; an unavailing tear;
 Till time shall every grief remove,
 With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

O! where this silent marble weeps,
 A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps,
 A Heart within whose sacred cell
 The precious Virtues lov'd to dwell.
 And for Humanity were there,
 In agony, in death resign'd,
 She felt the wound the self behind.

ELEGY.

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.



E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep. ○ ○

The breezy call of incense breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening-care;
 No children run to lift their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Of

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD. 151

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can ~~flatter~~ ~~turn~~ ~~or~~ ~~animate~~ ~~best~~,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy to mankind,
 On

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muses flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. [deck'd,

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
 The place of fame and elegy supply; [Muse,
 And many a holy text around the strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On

On some fond breast the parting soul relies, H
 Some pious drops the closing eyes require; M
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries, '
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires; O

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate; A
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led, A
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, M

Haply some heavy-headed swain may say, T
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn, S
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dew away, '
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn; A

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 ' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 ' His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 ' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

L.

' Hard

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
 ' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 ' Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
 ' Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 ' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he: no.

' The next with dirges due in sad array
 ' Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him
 ' borne, Bringing with hasty steps the dead,
 ' Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 ' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 ' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 ' His little length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 ' And pore upon the brook that babbles by,
 ' Hard

THE EPI T A P H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd, a
 Friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE EPI TAPH.

Heaven's his head upon the lap of Earth;
A Youth to Fortune and to Honour known;
Fair Science strown'd not on his humble birth;
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own;
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send;
He gave to Mary all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n, it was all he requir'd,
No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his talents from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bottom of his Father and his God.

N O T E S

N O T E S.

PAGE 14. Over the top of the glass

Over the top of the glass

Over the top of the glass

Over the top of the glass

Over the top of the glass

Over the top of the glass

Had. L3

Over the top of the glass

Over the top of the glass

Over the top of the glass

Over the top of the glass

Over the top of the glass

Over the top of the glass

Over the top of the glass

L3



N O E 2.

I 3

N O T E S.

PAGE 44. *O'er-canopies the glade.*]

a bank

O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.

Shakefp. Midf. Night's Dream.

P. 45. *And float amid the liquid noon.*]

Nare per æstatem liquidam—

Virgil. Georg. lib. 4.

Ibid. *Quick glancing to the sun.*]

— sporting with quick glance,

Shew to the sun their way'd coats dropt
with gold.

Milton's Paradise Lost, book 7.

Ibid. *To Contemplation's sober eye.*]

While insects from the threshold preach,

See M. GREEN, in the Grotto.

Dodley's Miscellanies, Vol. 5, p. 161.

Page 55. *Her HENRY's holy shade.*]

King HENRY the Sixth, founder of the College.

P. 56. *And, redolent of joy and youth.*]

And bees their honey redolent of spring.

Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

P. 59. *And moody Madnefs laughing wild.*]

And Madnefs laughing in his ireful mood.

Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

P. 66. *My grave Lord-Keeper led the Brawls.*]

Hatton, preferred by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine Dancing.

P. 71. *Styack]* The House-keeper.

P. 72. *Squib]* Groom of the Chambers.

Ibid. Groom] The Steward.

Ibid. Macleane] A famous Highwayman hanged the week before.

P. 83. *Awake, Aolian lyre, awake.*]

Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.

David's Psalms.

Pindar stiles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments,

χορδαί,

χορδαί, Αἰολίδης ἀναί αἰλάν. Æolian song,
Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian
flute.

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are here united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; as well in its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with all the pomp of diction, and luxuriant harmony of numbers, as in its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

P. 84. *Ob! Sovereign of the willing soul.]*

Power of harmony to calm the turbulent passions of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

Ibid. Perching on the sceptred hand.]

This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode.

P. 85. *Thee the voice, the dance obey.]*

Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

P. 85.

P. 85. *Glance their many-twinkling feet.*

Μαγνὰς δ' ἰρι πορφύρας
Παπίνος φῶς ἱερῶ.

HOMER. *Od.*

P. 86. *The bloom of young desire; and purple
light of Love.*

Δάμνη δ' ἰρι πορφύρας

Παπίνος φῶς ἱερῶ.

PHRYNICUS, *apud Athenæum.*

Ibid. *Man's feeble race what ills await*]

To compensate the real or imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given us by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

Ibid. *Till down the eastern cliffs afar.*]

Or seen the Morning's well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hills afar.

COWLEY.

P. 87. *In climes beyond the solar road.*]

Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh Fragments, the Lapland and American songs, &c.]

" Extra

"Extra anni solisque vias—"] VIRGIL.

"Tutta lontana dal camin del sole." Boccaccio.

Petrarch, *Canzon* 2.

P. 87. *Woods that wave o'er Delphi's sleep.*]

Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surry and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers, and Milton improved on them; but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

P. 89. *Nature's darling.*] Shakespeare.

Ibid. Nor second he, that rode sublime.]

Milton.

Ibid. He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time.]

—flammantia moenia mundi."

LUCRETIVS.

P. 90. *The living throne, the sapphire blaze.*]

For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.—And above the firmament that was

was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone. — This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. *Ezekiel* i. 20, 26, 28.

P. 90. Clos'd his eyes in endless night.]

Hom. Od.

Ibid. Two couriers of ethereal rate.]

Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

Ibid. With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.]

Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

JOB.

Ibid. Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.]

Words that weep, and tears that speak.

Cowley.

Ibid. But ah! 'tis beard no more—]

We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day: for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy

worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason indeed, of late days has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses,—above all in the last of Caractacus:

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread? &c.

P. 91. *That the Theban Eagle bear.*]

Διὸς ἑρπὶς ἑρπύξας διόρα. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

P. 95. *They mock the air with idle state!*]

Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King John*.

Ibid. Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail.]

The Hauberk was a texture of steel rings, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

P. 96 ——— *the crested pride.*]

The crested adder's pride.

DRYDEN'S *Indian Queen*.

P. 96.

be *Prig 6. As down the steep of Snowdon's jagged
[abroad] sides* but the baronet and eye of late to
on *Snowdon* was a name given by the Saxons
to that mountainous tract which the Welsh
themselves call *Craigiau-eryri*, it included all
the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Meri-
onethshire, as far as the river Conway. R.
Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway,
built there by King Edward the First, says,
"Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis
"Erery;" and Matthew of Westminster (ad
ann. 1283), "Apud Aberconway ad pedes
"montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigo castrum forte."

Ibid. Stout Glo'ster stood agast—]

Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl
of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to
King Edward.

Ibid. To arms! cried Mortimer—]

Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were *Lords Marchers*, whose
lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably
accompanied the King in this expedition.

Ibid. Loose his beard, and hoary hair.]

The image was taken from a well-known
picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme
Being

Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings, both believed original, one at Florence, the other at Paris.

P. 96. *Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air.*

Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

P. 98. *On dreary Arvon's shore—*

The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.]

Ibid. *The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.*

Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their ærie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welch *Craigian-eryn*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called *the Eagle's nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. (See Willoughby's *Ornithol.* published by Ray.)

P. 98.

P. 98. *Dear as the light that visits these
sad eyes.]*

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart——

SHAKESPEARE'S *Jul. Caesar.*

*Ibid. And weave with bloody hands the tissue
of thy line.]*

See the Norwegian ode that follows,

P. 99. *Stricks of an agonizing King!]*
Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in
Berkeley-castle.

Ibid. She wolf of France——]

Isabel of France, Edward the Second's
adulterous Queen.

Ibid. From thee be born, &c.]

Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

Ibid. Low on his funeral couch he lies.]

Death of that king, abandoned by his chil-
dren, and even robbed in his last moments by
his courtiers and his mistress.

P. 100. *Is the sable warrior fled?]*

Edward the Black Prince, dead some time
before his father.

P. 100. *Fair laughs the Morn, &c.*]

Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign.
See Froissard and other contemporary writers.

Ibid. *Fill high the sparkling bowl.*]

Richard the Second, as we are told by
Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords
in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham,
and all the older writers, was starved to death.
The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of
Exon, is of much later date.

P. 101. *Heard ye the din of battle bray.*]

Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

Ibid. *Ye tow'rs of Julius.*]

Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Cla-
rence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of
York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly
in the Tower of London. The oldest part
of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Ju-
lius Cæsar.

Ibid. *Revere his consort's faith—*]

Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spi-
rit, who struggled hard to save her husband
and her crown.

Ibid. *his father's fame.*]

Henry the Fifth.

M

Ibid.

Ibid. *And spare the meek usurper's holy
head.*]

Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

Ibid. — *the rose of snow, &c.*]

The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

Ibid. *The bristled boar* —]

The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

P. 102. *Half of thy heart we consecrate.*]

Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

P. 102. *No more our long-lost Arthur we
bemoan.*]

It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land,

land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

Ibid. *All-bail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's
issue, bail!*]

Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

P. 103. *Her lion-port, her awe-commanding
face.*]

Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, 'And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes.'

Ibid. *Hear from the grave, great Taliessin]*

Taliessin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

P. 104. *Pierce War, and faithful Love.]*

Fierce wars and faithful loves shall
materialize my song.

SPENSER'S *Proem to the Fairy Queen.*

Ibid. *In baskin'd measures move.*] Shakespeare.

Ibid. *A voice, as of the cherub-choir.*] Milton.

Ibid. *And distant warblings lessen on my ear.*
The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

P. 111. Note.—The *Valkyries* were female divinities, servants of Odin (or Woden), in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Choosers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valhalla*, (the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave,) where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

Ibid. *Iron fleet of arrowy shower.*
How quick they wheel'd, and, flying,
behind them shot
Sharp fleet of arrowy shower.—

MILT. *Par. Regained.*

Ibid. *Hurtles in the darken'd air.*
The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

SHAKES. *Jul. Cæs.*
P. 114.

P. 114. *Long his loss shall Eirin weep.]*

Ireland.

P. 119. *That leads to HELA's drear abode.]*

Niflheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided HELA, the Goddess of Death.

P. 125. *Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain.]*

Lok is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches; when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see "Introduction a l'Histoire de Dannemarc, par Mons. Mallet," 1755, Quarto; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and intitled, "Northern Antiquities; in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

P. 129. *Gwyneth.]* North Wales.

P. 130. *Lochlin.]* Denmark.

Ibid. The dragon-son of Mona stands.]

The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallador, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

P. 138.

P. 138. *Great Edward with the lilies on
his brow.]*

Edward the Third, who added the fleur de
lys of France to the arms of England. He
founded Trinity College,

Ibid, And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn.]

Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke,
daughter of Guy de Chatillon Comte de St.
Paul in France: of whom tradition says, that
her husband Audemar de Valentia, Earl of
Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the
day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of
Pembroke College or Hall, under the name
of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

Ibid, ——— and princely Clare.]

Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was
wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the
Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de
Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres,
daughter of Edward the First. Hence the
Poet gives her the epithet of *princely*. She
founded Clare-Hall.

P. 138. *And Anjou's Heroine, and the paler
Rose.]*

Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the
Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The

Poet

Past has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in
The Bard, Epode 2d, Line 13th.

Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York. She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

Ibid. And either Henry there.] Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

P. 139. *The venerable Marg'et see!]*

Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

Ibid. A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.]

The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor: hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

P. 140. *The laureate wreaths, that Cecil wore.]*

Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University, in the reign of Q. Elizabeth.

P. 145. *Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke.]* This Lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke, Physician at Epsom,

Epsom, died April 12, 1757, and is buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.

P. 149. *The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day.*]

— squilla di lontano

Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

DANTE, *Purgat. l. 8.*

P. 155. *Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.*]

Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,

Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi

Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville,

PETRARCH, *Son. 169.*

157. *Grav'd on the stone, beneath you aged thorn.*]

In the first edition of this poem, the following beautiful lines were inserted immediately before the epitaph; but they have been since omitted, as the parenthesis was too long.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,

By hands unseen, are show'rs of violets found;

The redbreast loves to build and warble there,

And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

3 JULY 65

P. I. N. I. S.